



The Maid in Bedlam.

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Espressione

One morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, one morn-ing in the spring, I

heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing Her

chains rattled on her hands, While sweet-ly thus sung she, O! I-

love my love be-cause I know my love loves me.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.



ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in BEDLAM, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she:
O! I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore him away from me:
But still I love his parents, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! should the pitying pow'rs but call me to the sky,
Then I'd crave an angel's charge, around my Love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And present it to my Love, when he returns from sea;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh! were I a little bird, to build upon his breast!
Or, were I a nightingale, to sing my Love to rest!
To gaze on his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle to soar into the sky!
I would gaze with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy;
But ah! unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

